slide right in (to my dms) by brawlite

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Summary:

Billy gets the worst best pickup line in a DM on Instagram.

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Author's Note:

short and sweet and stupid

“Your instagram is, like, a full-on tragedy,” Max tells him. She’s sitting on his couch, drinking a green smoothie that smells like it has too much pineapple in it, and is flicking through Billy’s phone because she has *zero* sense of personal boundaries.

“Your face is a full-on tragedy, but you don’t see me complaining about having to look at it, do you?”

“What, you don’t like my new highlighter?”

“There *is* such a thing as *too much highlight*,” Billy says. “You look like a unicorn jizzed all over your face.”

“First of all: *gross*. Second of all: there is *literally* no such thing as too much highlight,” Max says. “I look awesome and you’re just jealous because you can’t wear makeup because you’re a dude.”

Joke’s on her; Billy *does* occasionally dab on some highlighter or bronzer, but, like, he keeps that shit hidden *way* at the bottom of his sock drawer. He has to look *good* alright?

“I have, like, ten thousand followers who think my face looks *just fine*, you know that, right?”

“Yeah, but they’re only following you because they’re *thirsty*. So that doesn’t really *count*.”

“That’s like, the *whole* point of instagram, Maxine.”

Billy slouches down into the chair next to the couch and just *watches* her scrolling through his feed, through his activity. Her smoothie makes an awful noise as she slurps up the last of it through a bright pink plastic straw.

Today, she’s wearing torn-up overalls and some yellow crop-top that

looks thrifted because it probably *was*. It doesn't look *bad*, honestly. She's kind of stylish, for a pipsqueak, even though she has only a handful of followers. Billy would take a picture of her and caption it, '*tips on how 2 get rid of annoying sisters?'* for his story, but she currently has his phone, so he just has to *think* it, which is annoying, too.

Also, he'd probably get a lot of creeps commenting shit he doesn't want to read or ever think about. So.

"Yikes -- do you *ever* check your messages?"

No. *Why* would he check his messages?

"Okay, you're done, give it back," Billy says.

It was *fun* until it wasn't, which is just sort of *life*, he's figuring out.

"Wow. Like, I *shouldn't* be surprised, considering the *shit* you post, but I am. Wow. These are -- something," Max says, in between *laughs*.

The *shit* he posts is just: pictures of Billy going to the gym, pictures of Billy *at* the gym, and pictures of Billy after going to the gym. (And the occasional açaí bowl with homemade granola, because whatever, he likes to take pictures of his food, okay? So *sue* him.)

Obviously Billy gets a lot of DM's with people being thirsty at him, but they're *boring*. It's like, the usual shit, over and over and over again.

You'd look pretty with my dick in your mouth,

i want 2 cum all over ur abs

Want to meet up, stud? ;)

Shit like that.

Billy can find a hookup in the club or at the gym; he doesn't *need* instagram to make it happen. It's like adding a whole other unnecessary *and* cumbersome step to the process. Because, like, who the hell wants to deal with *typing* and *thinking* and *waiting* and *meeting up* when you just want to get off? No one, that's who.

Also.

Billy's like, an *eleven*. And the people who message him? They *think* they're at least eights or nines, but they're *not*, at *all*, so.

So, he usually leaves his DM's unread, unless he's in need of a good laugh, which he hasn't been for a while.

Max scrolls for a little while, until she stops, brow furrowing. She taps, squints down at the screen, taps, scrolls, taps some more.

"Holy shit, this guy is kinda *cute* actually."

Tap, tap tap.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.

He hopes she's not *liking* all of this dude's pictures.

"He's not." Billy doesn't even need to *look* to see that the guy isn't cute. *No one* on instagram is cute, because the whole thing is fake as hell. Filters and facetune and fucking *everything else.* Billy's abs look better in Clarendon, tbh.

"I mean, he's indie as *shit* in, like, that *stupid* pretentious way you *love*, but he's cute. *And*," Max says, like it's the most important thing she's said all day, which it's *not*, because the most important thing she said all day was: *Let's get porkbelly tacos for lunch*, but fine, "*and*," she says, "his message was, like, a whole *vibe*."

"Okay," Billy says, rolling his eyes. He'll *play*, but only because maybe she'll shut up about it once she thinks she's actually got his attention. "Hit me. What'd he say?"

"*You look like you're gonna ruin my life*."

Well *shit.*

That's actually pretty *good.*

It *is* a whole ass vibe, and Billy admires that kind of dedication.

He also admires that kind of fortune-teller accurate prediction, because Billy is *absolutely* the kind of person who will ruin someone's life, and he'll have fun doing it, too. It's like this guy already *knows* him.

"-- How indie are his pictures?"

"The first picture on his profile is like, a bad picture of italian ice in a freezer at, I dunno, probably a 7-11? The quality is, like, circa 1997, maybe."

Oh *no*.

It's like Billy's kinda already in *love*.

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There's another equally bad picture on this guy's profile where he's holding a tiny tube of toothpaste in his palm, like one of those *travel size* things, fingers stupid long, nearly stretching out of the square frame. He's pale, kinda, and his fingers are so long and spindly they kinda look *alien*. It's not a good look. It's not a good *picture*.

It's still got, like, thousands of likes, because who *is* this guy, even?

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Billy can't stop thinking about those *hands*.

Those *fingers*.

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Fuck.

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He's cute, too. Once you scroll past countless terrible pictures of mundane shit, or shitty pictures of this guy's equally indie friends. Occasionally there's something right smack dab between a picture of a washing machine and what's *maybe* closeup of a lava lamp -- Billy's not sure -- but it's always *glaring*. Like, the pictures of this guy are

equally *bad*, but --

But he's so goddamn *hot* that it doesn't even *matter*. So fucking *pretty*.

Like, Billy wold look at them for *hours* if he let himself.

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You look like you're gonna ruin my life, Billy thinks, like a mantra, over his morning protein shake, as he bench-presses at the gym, as he gets green-tea froyo with too many oreos at eleven at night because it's a cheat day.

He thinks it as he goes to bed, too, fingers curling around his cock, because he's not an *idiot.*

And, like.

People have told Billy a *lot* of romantic shit over the years to get in his pants. Heaps of it. His eyes are like the ocean, his body's like a Greek god, his dick tastes sweet like *candy*. And -- okay, all of it's *right*, obviously -- like, it's factually *accurate* -- but Billy doesn't need people wasting his time telling him shit he already *knows*.

You look like you're gonna ruin my life is just -- it's so perfect, so brazen, so presumptuous, so fucking *slutty* -- Billy doesn't even know what to *do* with it.

Other than idly fantasize while he's doing some cool-down yoga about all the ways he *could* ruin this pretty boy.

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"How's *Steve*?" Max asks.

"Who the hell is *Steve*?"

"Uh, Steve? The guy from instagram?"

Billy curls his lip. "*Who*?"

"Mr. *You're gonna ruin my life*? Oh my god, Billy, please tell me you

talked to him." She *knows* he didn't. Billy can see it in her eyes. Can hear it in her tone.

"Why would I *talk* to him?" Billy asks, incredulous. "Also, how do you know his *name*? He doesn't have anything listed on there."

Not like he *looked*.

"I did some light internet stalking," Max says, with a wave of her hand, like it's *nothing*. Like she didn't get one of her dweeb friends to figure out this guy's fucking *address*. "*Anyway*, you're like, perfect for each other, so you gotta talk. Here, give me your phone."

Billy doesn't give her his phone. He's not about that. He's not thirsty enough to message someone back on instagram -- that's like, the epitome of bottom of the barrel. He's not *desperate*. He's a classy guy who takes classy pictures of his sweaty abs, who jacks off to fantasies about ruining some indie kid on instagram.

He *does* leave his phone accidentally unattended a couple hours later, and sure enough, when he picks it up again after Max leaves, there's already a new message waiting for him.

It doesn't say anything; it's just a phone number.

Billy's message before that?

then let me

Which is *stupid,* and he's gonna *kill* Max, but -- but it got him a phone number, so Billy *doesn't* throw Max's Christmas present -- socks -- directly into the trash.

Yet, anyway.

Author's Note:

> stupidly inspired by this buzzfeed video i found myself watching about trying to hook up with people via instagram and some good/bad pickup lines to leave in dms

thank you to lipgallagher for listening to me talk about stupid au premises

you can catch me on tumblr, if you are so inclined

Works inspired by this one:

- Shoot your shot by withered
- [podfic] slide right in (to my dms) by morph_reads